LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY. THOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALL AMONG THIEVES" "MY LADY PANTAS-TICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER VIL-CONTINUED. "Not for fifty thousand dollars!" was the quick reply; "but for the sake of such good comradeship as you have shown, we will do our best to help you to find him. I do not know exactly where he is, but there are not more than a score of graves in the row, and the poor fellows are not very deep under the sod."

No, their graves are not very deep—just a couple of feet of earth over them, as they lay wrapped in their biankets asleep in death. It was a ghastly task to uncover the lifeless faces, but it was done at last, but the one that lay there was not that of Gordon Grey, but of another lad whose friends would never find his resting place. Of course, Winthrop had to write and beg his mother to break the sad news to the stricken widow. He could picture to him-

en widow. He could picture to himself the agony of that lone heart, whose woulds were beyond the healing of human sympathy, and if he dropped a tear on the letter which bore the sad tidings, it was in my humble opinion nothing to be ashamed of, even in a soldier.

But to boots and saddles! History can

But to boots and saddles! History can not wait in war-time for us to weep for lost friends. The rest of the year was spent by the light-horse in ruids on Lee's army, which had retreated to the vicinity of Richmond, in skirmishing adventures with Moseby's men, and in foraging expeditions, which, if they gave promise of little glory, were well spiced with danger to the participants. Then followed the retirement into winter quarters, which was now made more endurable by the introduction of fox-hunting, horse-racing and other many sports, that tended to relieve the monotony of the weary months.

cary months. It was in the spring of '64 that excitement' It was in the apring of '64 that excitement began to bubble again in real earnest.

It entered into the brain of Gen. Kilpatrick, who commanded a division, that it would be possible for a small force to make a raid around Lee's army, attack Richmond and release the Federal prisoners on Bello Isle and in Libby prison. The idea, which was as daring as it was original, found favor with the younger officers, who were all affaine for



SIVEN MOILES TO RICHMOND, AN' DIVIL

as you say your love is used that you should have to supplicate Heaven for strength to crush it. No, I am not declined to listen to him, but Kilpatrick was a man not easily sat down upon; so, having secured leave of absence to visit Washingston for a few days, he boldly laid his plans ton for a few days. carry out the project. The gallant Irish-man returned to camp jubilant. Volunteers were called upon to undertake

the rash adventure, and so many fell in line that Kilpatrick was enabled to pick his

"I rely on you, Winthrop," he said cordially to our hero. "For you have an old head on young shoulders, and I can trust

Harry murmured his appreciation of the impliment and boldly asked him what his ans were. Well, I don't know that there is any rea-

son why I should not tell you," was the can-did reply. "We shall be divided into two ties—one, under Major Dalgreen, will ke the James river above Richmond, the er, which I shall lead myself, will go direct to the city."

"The scheme is a good one, sir. I hope

'Hope,' man; we must! I'll have all the

"'Hope,' man; we must I I'll have all the old women in the army down on me if we make a mull of it. I tell yon, Winthrop, we've got to come through all right."

To have seen that cavalcade file out of camp that night, you would have thought the mea were beat on some big picule, such high spirits they were in. During the dark hours they rode steadily on, and so on all the next day, with brief delays for refreshment for man and beast. The second eight they rested, but the dawn saw them again on the march. It was too dark to make out objects distinctly, and as they approached a sign-post on the road-side, Harry ordered one of his troopers, an Irishman, to dismount and climb it that he might read the direction it gave. the direction it gave.
. 2.Well, what does it say!" he demanded,

tiently. d less, sor!" was the prompt reply, ch brought a faint cheer from the men.

which brought a faint cheer from the men.

They crept cautiously forward till the city lay before them with its beautiful hills crowned with pleasant homes. Suddenly they struck the pickets.

"Close up, men! Threes about! Charge!" rang the word of command.

The horses no sooner felt the spur than they bounded madly onward with an impetus that brooked no checking. The first line of guards fell in broken disorder.

"On, boys, on!" Lichfield gried, waving his sword to his mea.

But the second line of guards was stronger, and resisted the attack with better spirit. Five minutes of a hand-to-hand fight and the bugie sounded the recall. Meanwhile the barghers of Richmond were hard at work helping their soldiers to throw up carth-works, while the dust rolling in hig clouds hid them from view of the enemy.

chy, that Daigreen would come! But the scious hours passed by with no sign of a, and when heavy guns were trailed on patrick's little force there was no almative left but retreat. The gallant der himself headed one last charge of rmishers and then the rout began with Confederates in force behind them. hey fell back in confusion to the mann ty, but now a fresh disaster met them, allow bridge was burned, and advance a next to impossible. Jevin, who compled the regulars, threw out his skirthers, when Custer came up with his alry.

me troops away, sir, and I will

ed it not; and afterwards excused their disobedience by declaring they thought it Custer's bugle, and it always meant "go

ahead!"
The rear was commanded by Lichfield, over whose devoted men shells literally rained. General Devia sent to know if he needed help and got back the sprited message: "No! We can hold the ground all day against the whole rebel army!"
Later, when the Confederates fell back, lichfield and a little ground of the second services.

Lichfield and a little group of officers, in-cluding Harry Winthrop, were reconnoi-tering, they came across a number of jovial fellows, recruiting their tired frames with wine and food on the great stoop of a plant-"Well, boys, we cleared them out, after

all!" he said, cheerily, as he flung himself from the saddle.

from the suddle.

"Guess not!" was the sharp reply, as he and the half dozen next him were seized, and to his dismay he found that he was surrounded by Confederates.

As for Harry, his good horse saved him. With a bound he leaped the fence, and, while a score of pistol bullets showered round him, dashed into the wilderness.

But he was lead Night same on and

But he was lost. Night came on and ound him struggling through the dense brush-wood of a seemingly endless wood, dragging his tired horse by the bridle and vowing by all his saints that he would al-

most rather take refuge with the enemy than tramp the long night through.

The long wished for morning came at last—a bright, sparkling, sunshiny day, which brought the song birds out in force. Harry had thrown himself at the foot of a big tree, and having relieved his horse of the saddle had allowed him to crop the young grass, and was just going to many again. grass, and was just going to mount again when he heard the third of a horse's hoofs beating the turf at a short distance to the west. Hastily tying his faithful charge to a branch of the tree, he stealthily moved forward on foot towards the spot from whence the noise came. He had not gone fifty paces when he struck a track—it could not be called a read, for it was a mere pathway which cattle had evidently made hiding behind a bush, he awaited the approach of the rider, who was every moment coming nearer. You may be sure he did not forget to look to his pistels. His one great fear was that his own horse hearing the other would neigh and thus betray his concealment. With every nerve strained he waited the coming enemy. hiding behind a bush, he awaited the ap-

strained he waited the coming enemy.

What! a lady! Alone in such a place and at such an hour. He could hardly be-lieve his senses. But there she was coming cantering along with the gay abandon of a practiced horsewoman mounted on a well-bred hack, whose springy step showed that he had not long left the stable.

CHAPTER VIII. EACE TO FACE.

"Harry!"

He stood in the rugged path looking entreatingly into her dark eyes, which for a moment flashed back a tender glance of pleased surprise. Then the color fied from her face, and, pale as death, she sat like a graven statue. For an instant she reeled in her saddle as though about to fall, and Harry ed his hands to save her; but masteri hor weatness with a supreme effort, she steaded herself, and the wild, frightened look her face were gave since to a cold, stern expression of defiance.

"Am I your prisoner of war, Captain Winthrop!" she said, glancing contemptuously at the insignia of his rank.

"Oh Kate!" he stammend, stank

ously at the insignia of his rank.
"Oh, Kate!" he stammered, "and is it
thus we meet! What wild thoughts have
entered your head that you could imagine that I would ever harm you!" "Then perhaps you will permit me to go my way unmolested."

Kate, I must, I will speak with you," he said, impetuously. "Day and night I have longed for this opportunity which chance at last has thrown in my way. You can not be so cruel, so heartless—"
"Oh, sir, spare me your reproaches. They

on to come with a good grace from one who is bringing ruin and death on all I love. Once for all I tell you there is no spark of affection for you left in my heart. No day passes but I pray God to make me hate you,

"Ah, it is brave of you to remind me of my woman's weakness," she said, pitifully, then in sterner tones continued: "Granted I once loved you, what then! Our love is now impossible. Could you take to your heart a impossible. Could you take to your heart a girl who loathes your people with a hatred that words can not express? Let me tell you who and what I now am, and then if there is a spark of manliness left in you, and you are true to your convictions as a Northern soldier, your love will turn to soorn."

"Kate!"

"Kate!"
She heeded not his interruption.
"I have seen the home of my childhood burned to ashes, my mother and little sisters wandering in the wilderness homeless, my father lying on a barren moor with both feet shot off by a cannon ball, and none but us women to succor him. My best loved brother lies dead on the field of Gettysburg. Even now another with mutilated arms lies on a sick bed in a house not far from this. I have suffered hunger and thirst and the burning fever of despair; and you, who have helped to bring these afflictions on me, prate of your love! But silence! Let me

say all now, and then in God's name let us part, never to meet again."
"I will not listen to your wild words, Kate—" "Yes, you must hear me to the end. You

must realize the impassable barrier that now yawns between us. Have you the spirit to love a girl who would give every drop of her heart's blood for the life of one of your comrades! Pshaw! Be a man and give me scorn for scorn."
"I am not making war on women," Harry

only burn their houses and slay their loved ones. But enough of this. You see me now well clothed, well mounted. And why! My father has a little farm-house near this spot, and we have been fortunate enough to gather a few things together and make a refuge there. And I—yes, I am proud to



glory in it. Even now I am on an errand which—"
" Hush! I will not hear you. Your words "Hush! I will not hear you. Your words will drive me mad. Go, girl! I can not bear the torture you inflict upon me," Harry cried, as he stepped aside to let her pass. Just then in the near distance they heard the crashing of branches and men's voices. In a moment her whole itemessor changed. "Hark!" she cried, "our people are com-

There is your horse, Harry! Do not, in od's name, stand staring at me like at, but fly! Follow this track till you set the pike; your troops are on the reach the pike; your troops are on the way to Fortress Monroe. Go with speed and you will overtake them. Oh! Harry, Harry, why do you linger so?' And thus they parted.

CHAPTER IX.

Grant himself was come to take command of the Union army in Virginia. His very presence sent a thrill of enthusiasm through the troops, who had now lain a time at Fortress Monroe to recuperate After crossing the Rapidan, the Federal forces plunged once more into the Wilderness.

Suddenly they drew near to the old ba

Suddenly they drow near to the old out-tle-ground of Chancellorsville, where just a year before they had fought so flercely, and here they struck the enemy.

No eye saw the carnage that ensued. The dense forest forbade all strategy. The ranks simply dashed into the woods, fought, fell or retired only to form page and feil or retired only to form once more and charge into those gloemy shades. Neither side was victorious, but it was generally supposed that Grant would retire across the Rapidan, though he thought differently, and pushed his army by the Confederate with feely straight towards. Sectifically and and pushed his army by the Consideration right flank straight towards Spottsylvania Court-House. Lee hurried forward a division to head him off, so it happened that, when the Federals reached the spot, they found the Confederate forces planted right across the road.

For a time it was a duel between sharpmost rather take refuge with the enemy

shooters, who sheltered themselves behind trees and picked off officers on either side. Then the storm broke in fury. With a wild Then the storm broke in fory. With a wild cry, Hancock and his gallant corps, hidden by a dense fog, charged into the Confed-erate lines, broke the abattis, surrounded a division, and captured four thousand pris-oners and two Generals.

Again and again Harry Winthrop's brave fellows threw themselves upon the foe. Ho never flinched in the charge, but though his comrades fell on all sides of him, he came after each encounter scathless from

came after each encounter scathless from Not so the gallant Sedgwick. Brave eve

to the verge of reckless daring, he had just chided a gunner for dodging a ball, with the light remark: "Pools" man, they could not hit an elephant at that distance," when a shot crashed through his body, and he fell lifeless to the carth.

Thus with various successes the battle Thus with various successes the battle

But the Prince Rupert of the Union line was Custer, that beau ideal of a cavalry leader—a man to whom fear was unknown, one who never turned his back on an enemy nor his face from a friend, and chivalrou to the verge of Quixotism. Caution he know not; it was with him ever a word and to the verge of Quixotism. Caution he knew not; it was with him ever a word and a blow, but the blow always came first. And this man was Harry Winthrop's commanding officer. So when one day towards the end of May the regiment got the order to set out on a raid under Custer's personal leadership, untrammeled by the counsel of cooler brains, Winthrop and his comrades knew that hot work was before them. Nor were they disappointed. The point of attack was Trevellyan Station, on the Charlottesville railroad. With a rush Custer fell upon the foe, capturing a big train of stores, burning the buildings and making prisoners. It was a sharp, brief, glorious dash to victory! But—aye, these "buts," they spoil the best stories that ever were told—as the victors rode out of the railway outting, they found themselves surrounded by the enemy. Even Custer was appalled, but with fine strategy he got his men into an open space with room to fight. Again and again he charged now on this side, now on that.

"For God's sake, sir," said Surgeon Weir, "we must have a field-hospital, tell me which is the rear." "The front is all around us," Custer cried

waving his sword. "So, doctor, you can tal More perilous grew the position every moment. Custer formed his men for one grand charge to break through the opposing

Hardly had the command escaped his lips than his color-sergeant, a Canadian, fell mortally wounded, grasping the flag he loved so dearly in his death-stiffened hands; and even at that supreme moment of peril Custer tried to snatch it from his grasp, but with the tension of a vise, the fingers of the corpse clung to the flag-staff. In vain he pulled—then, quick as a flash, he tore the silk flag from its pole, pushed it into his

cosom, and dashed forward to the charge.

And they got free. They rode right through the ranks of the enemy, crushing by the very impetus of their mad career the lines that stood in servied ranks before them. It was a glorious feat, but, as the Frenchman said of Balakiava, it was not war; and, moreover, had it not been for his success, Custer would have had to pay the reckoning of his recklessness; for he had rivats in high places, who would have been by no means sorry to catch him tripping.

That month Harry Winthrop was gazetted

as Major. He saw nothing, however, of the bloody fight in the swamp at Cold Harbor, where Grant beleaguered Lee, and when, Lossing asserts, ten thousand Union men were killed or wounded in the brief space of twenty minutes. He was doing out-post duty on the banks of the Chickahominy river; and, while thus engaged, met with another adventure which wove a few more

another adventure which wove a few more links in the chain of my story. They had camped on the left bank of the river under shelter of a small wood, which stretched from the uplands to the edge of the stream. Suddenly there was a great ommotion among the men.
"It is a spy, sir, they have caught," said

one of his troopers, by way of explanation, "and the boys I'm afraid are like to handle

"and the boys I'm arraid are note to manushim a little roughly."
Buckling his sword on, Harry ran to the scene of the disturbance.
"I caught him, Major, sneaking behind the brush yonder," cried one brawny fellow, whose gnarled fingers clutched the collar of the trembling wretch.

"I've seen him more than once hanging around, an' knew he was after no good," "Shoot him!"

"No, hang him! Shooting's too good for such a villain," were the cries that resound-

ed on all sides.

The victim of this clamor had been dragged through the mud of a creek, and with disheveled hair, torn clothes and bruised features, it was no wonder that Winthrop did not at first recognize in the dilapidated scare-crow before him the Adonis-like figure of his would-be rival, Alphones Lecroix. But the Canadian's bright, even gleaned with hope as he saw ed on all sides. bright eyes gleamed with hope as he saw his former friend.

his former friend.

"Mr. Winthrop!" he cried, appealingly,
"for the love of God save me! Tell these
men who I am. What! you do not speak!
Will you see me torn to pieces before your

"Do you know him, Major!" asked the man

"Aye, I know him, boys," Harry said, re-luctantly, for he was by no means pleased at the role he was compelled by circum-

stances to assume.

"If we had known he was a friend of yours, Major—" began one, with rough attempt at spology, but Harry cut him short.

"There, loose him. I will be responsible for his doing no harm," he said. "Now, sir, follow me to my tent."

sir, follow me to my tent."

Like a beaten hound the Canadian sluns at Harry's beels. Already his active brainwas concocting the Le that would betray the man who had saved him.

"Well, sir," asked Winthrop, sternly. "I am waiting for the explanation of your presence here."

"I came only to serve you, and I think I am on a fool's errand," was the dogged reply, spoken with a wall-assumed air of injured intocence.

"To serve meal"

jured innocease.

"To serve me!"

"Yes, to serve you; but not for the sake of any love I bear you."

fro an oostinues.

THE DAIRY.

-A generous supply of good pure profitable dairying .- Chicago Times. -Keeping cream too long is a very common fault. Churn often. Churn every twenty-four hours. That is good sound advice .- Farm and Stock-

-Do not "dry up" the cows when sold weather approaches; it will spoil them for future use, more or less young cows and helfers especially .-Pioneer Press.

-When raising young calves to be your future milch cows, it is not necessary to keep them fat, but they should be made to grow as rapidly as possible. To do this, give them the use of good pasture as soon as they are weaned or old enough, and allow a good mess of ground oats at night. The shelter is also very important, as they should not be exposed at any season of the year. --

-It is a waste of cow-force to turn her out where she roams over several hundred acres of land. She will be doing it most all day if there is no fence to stop her, and will be sure to do it if the pasture is thin and scarce. She had better be fed what she need on a small space, and then lie down and attend to her legitimate mission on the earth-making milk .- Hoard's Dairyman.

-For the dairy, there must be con stant study and effort for the accumula tion of foods suited to the purposes re quired. The best have only made good start in this direction, and the possibilities of the future are great, and should be inspiring. Above all things the dairymen who hopes for success must not let his cows run down. Recuperation is too costly .-Country Gentlemen.

-A poor appetite in any farm anima is greatly against its doing its best, no matter where it is working, whether in the dairy or before the plow. There fore, in feeding young animals, especially calves, train the appetite. keep to the rule of making it lick the trough clean, gradually increasing the feed until you get nearly, but never quite, to the point where the trough would not be scoured.-Cor, Nat. Stockman.

-Prominent dairymen claim that by allowing the cows salt freely it produces a flow of milk. This is explained by the fact that salt promotes thirst, and causes the cow to drink more water. It is claimed that cows drinking less than twenty-seven quarts of water daily are poor milkers, water composing about ninety-six per cent. of the milk. Such experiments, however, do not determine the quality of the milk, and in one respect shows that milk may be watered through the agency of the cow. - St. Louis Republic.

TESTING DAIRY COWS.

Simple and Effective Way of Keeping Them Up to the Standard. Now, I have often met men who say they can milk and feed at the same time, and I have often seen milking cows looking like fat beasts. But this, to my mind, proves nothing, because before the statement can be accurate it is necessary to know whether in milking all the milk has been taken from hem, and this is the point that is nearly always overlooked. A milker will say he has got all the milk from the cow that he can get, but let him be ever so good a milker there is always some left in the milk veins that requires a little time to flow into the tain fifty per cent. of fat, and on this fat depends the quality of your milk and the condition of your cow. Some years ago I could always keep my milking cows in blooming condition while they were milking; but one unlucky day I took into my confidence an analyst, and from that day to this my cows have deposited their fat in the bucket instead of on their backs. And with this condition of having the analyst behind me, I find it perfectly impossible to feed and milk at the same time without such an expenditure in artificial ood as to render the expense unjustifiable. So that the proper course to adopt seems to resolve itself into this: to feed for milking in the first placethat is, with foods that give the proper proportion of albuminous compounds to carbo hydrates or non-albuminous, and are essentially milk producers -and when the yield of milk of any cow falls to the point fixed upon as the cost of feeding, then either sell her as she is, or at once commence to feed her; and to find out when the cows have arrived at this point, it is neces sary to have the milk of each individual cow accurately weighed at least once a week. The expense and trouble of doing this is triffing, as compared with the information you gain from it. A spring balance, weighing up to fifty pounds, and an iron hook to hook into staples driven in at different parts of the shed is all the expense, and enable the weigher to follow the milkers. The number of each cow, and the gros weight of the morning's and evening' milk is entered in a book, and a note made of the weight of the bucket. The net result is then marked out at any spare moment, and is entered in a book ruled for the purpose, so that each weighing follows one after the other. At the bottom of the column is entered the weight of the strippings. I always arrange for one man to strip all the cows, and be responsible for the cows being milked clean. The information given by this simple dairy record is simply invaluable; you not only see at glance when the cow ceases to be profit able, but also if any cow is sick, from the difference in the weight of milk. Then the amount of strippings tells you

dred cows kept. - Farmer's Advocate. -Laid paper must have a sort of egg

whether either the cowman or milkers are neglecting their duty. And more

over, if the farmer's wife had this

record of the weight of milk sent into

her dairy to refer to, she would at once see whether she got the proper amount of butter from the milk. I have dwelt,

perhaps, rather longer than I should on the weighing of milk, because I am convinced that it is one of the most nec-

essary and most profitable require ments connected with the dairy

thether there is only one or one hun

MONEY IN HORSES.

of Fine Stock.

'Raising trotting and running horses is not a very unprofitable businesa," said Senator Stockbridge a few days ago, as he leaned back in an easy chair in the room of the Senate Committee on Fisheries, of which he is chairman. The Senator had just returned from Michigan where he spent a delightful day on his stock farm. It is situated a ew miles from the beautiful little city of Kalamazoo, where the Senator resides, and is one of the finest pieces of farm property in Western Michigan.
"I had not been out to the farm for

ome time," said the Senator. "So one fine day I arranged with my partner, Mr. Brown, who is manager of the place, to go out and look over the stock and take a sort of inventory of it. We started about nine in th morning, and when we arrived at the farm the horses had all been fed and groomed and were feeling and looking in first-class condition. We got out the pedigree book and then carefully examined every young animal on the place. Many of them I had never seen. Mr. Brown would tell me the name of a colt, and after we had gone over his good points I would put his value down on my inventory book and then let him off into the field. We spent several hours in this pleasant oc-cupation, and I tell you it was quite a treat to see the young and frisky beauties scamper off, kicking their heels in the air. Well, after I had entered all the horses and set a very moderate value upon them, in no cases exceeding the price which they would bring in any open market, I found that we had just \$103,000 worth of horse-flesh. Now ee what a nice profit that represented We bought the farm three years ago and organized a stock company with a capital of \$75,000. We owe a few thouand dellars for running expenses and things of that kind, but all this is more than offset by the value of the farm. So that, deducting the amount of capital we put in, the profits in three years, without any particular effort to run the farm as a money-making con-cern, were more than \$100,000, which you see is more than a Senator's salary. Some horses raised on this Kalamazoo stock farm have turned out to be very valuable and very fast. Bell Boy, which was purchased of Senator Stan-ford for \$10,000 and sold as a two-year old for \$35,000, has just lowered her record, so that she is now in the 2:20 class, and she is only three years old. N. Y. Tribune.

-At a Pennsylvania medical conven tion recently, it was declared that hydrophobia is a myth. Three of the members, while on the way home after the convention adjourned, heard a cry of "mad dog!" One of them darted up an alley and split his coat from preface to finls trying to get over a board fence six feet high; another climbed a lamppost, and the third crawled into an empty store-box and began to say "Now I lay me," etc. Hydrophobia may be a myth, all the same. —Drake's Magazine.

-Philadelphia Girl-I wonder what is the luckiest day to be married on? Chicago Girl-Oh! Wednesday, by all means. "Are you sure?" "Yes, indeed. My ma always gets married on Wednesday, and every time she gets a divorce, with ever so much alimony."-Philadelphia Record. -Mistress of the House -Daddy CREAM BALM Cuffy, have you seen any thing of the

missing spoon? Uncle Cuffy-No. ma'am; I sarch ob'ry place, an' has' night I eben bin to de fortune teller, She say you don't respicion any er de family, you dunno who to respect."-Detroit Free Press. - "She Stoops to Conquer" was classed by a Topeka editor among Shakespeare's "magnificent comedies. That is not so bad, however, for a city in which a distinguished legislator,

calling attention to the Kansas motto, said: "Them words is Latin."-Em poria (Kas.) News. That tired, languid feeling and chill head-ache is very disagreeable. Take two of Car-ter's Lattle Laver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

The manufacturer of newspaper philo ophy means a kind of literary saw-mill. Merchant Traveler.

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medi-cine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute

In English the average Russian word is

Is afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c THE MARKETS

y	THE MARKETS.
b	CINCINNATE, Jan. 7.
а	LIVE STOCK-CattleCommon \$1 50 @ 2 00
	HOGS-Common 4 25 66 5 60
	Good packers 5 05 6 5 15
e.	SHEEP-Good to choice 4 00 65 4 75
3	FLOUR-Family 4 50 6 4 85
1	GRAIN-Wheat-No. 2 red @ 68
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g	HAY-Prime to choice 14 00 014 50
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П	Corn-No. 2 @ 354
9	PORK-Mess. 12 00 65 12 05
4	LARD-Steam 7 2746 7 45
ш	BALTIMORE
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ı	PORK-Moss 815 75
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ш	CATTLE-First quality 8 87546 4 85

00 6 7 3716 INDIANAPOLIS at-No. 2 red.

> LOUISVILLE No. 2 red

Cold Waves

A Valuable Franchise Secured.

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Usin one bottle of "active" a remainer of fore my first confinement. It is a usualerful remedy. Looked and feit so well afterwards friends remarked it. Would not be without "Mother's Friend" for any consideration. Mus. Jos. B. Annasson, Ocheopse, Gu. Write Bradfield Reg. Co. Atlanta, Ga. for further particulars. Sold by all druggists. A STANDARD DIETETIC PREPARATION. Ax old wine bibber says that an empty

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This is one of the queer things about amateurs: the more they practice a song the worse they sing it.—Dalias News. Suppen Changes of Weather cause throat

champagne bottle is like an orp cause it has lost its pop.

"Tas really efficient laborer," says Thoreau, "will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of case and leisure." That is tre way the office boy usually does.—Somerville Journal.

Pleasant Journeys.

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Ir is to be supposed that Helen, wife of Menciaus, had her collars done up at the Troy laundry.—Boston Gazette. Usen one bottle of "Mother's Friend" be-

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1855. Ranswed, Fans 16, 1857. Suffered two yearage with acute parts in heat, in one hour great rathe
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